

Guide to Life.

No. XVII.

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The early anticipated visit to this country of the ruler of nearly one-half of the European continent, besides a large portion of the Asiatic quarter of the globe, every class of whose subjects are under his most absolute sway, induces us to present our readers with a Portrait of the Russian Emperor, derived from an authentic source, together with some particulars of his general habits and character, obtained from a recent number of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

"Nicolai Paulovitch, or 'Nicholas the son of Paul,' according to the universal habit of Russian nomenclatures, is now in the prime of life. He is of commanding stature, and presents not only the most imposing aspect of any living sovereign, hut, as perfect as he is colossal in the proportions of his form, he may really be ranked among the handsomest men of Europe. When the whole of his guard, consisting of sixty thousand of the picked men of his empire, is reviewed by him in the Champ de Mars, the eye of the spectator may vainly wander over its ranks to find any one worthy of comparison with him for figure, for manly beauty, or for majesty of mien. When he gives the word of command, the deep and sonorous tones of his voice thrill, distinctly audible over the vast plain where an army is manœuvring, or a crowd looking on, as different from the voices of his numerous commanders, as the notes of an organ from the treble of a child. He is seen, however, to more advantage on foot than on horseback, because being a stiff, and it is said, a very timid rider, the chargers he rides in public have always been "manèged" into the rocking-horse canter of the pitiable beasts which figure in the theatrical circus;—so that, in the eyes of an Englishman this circumstance qualifies very materially the admiration his splendid equestrian figure would otherwise excite.

Of the extent of his general knowledge and acquirements few have the privilege of judging, but like most princes of the present day, and like all Russians of high rank, he speaks fluently and without accent, several languages. French and German are familiar to him as his mother-tongue; the English he has learned, like all the other members of the imperial family, in the past and present generations, from very illiterate Scotch nurses and attendants, whose homely fidelity has always been appreciated in their nursery, and with whom Nicholas and his empress not unfrequently condescend to drink their tea. From these people the imperial family seem to derive many of their ideas of the English, and, including the Emperor, are evident grossly ignorant of the condition and the usages of British society.

"Domestic and moderate in his habits,



NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

few princes have borne a more unblemished private character than the present Emperor. A strict lover of justice, he has, for the first time since the reign of Peter I., endeavoured to enforce its rigid administration according to law—with what success will be shown hereafter. Apparently, earnestly desirous of improving the condition of his people and empire, and not contented, like his brother Alexander, with the barren good wishes of an inactive philanthropy, whose indolence rendered the reign of the most benevolent of men sometimes as oppressive as that of his father Paul, Nicholas I. not only reigns, but undismayed by the laborious duties such an undertaking entails upon him, actually governs in person. On the other hand he seems to entertain the most exalted ideas of the sacredness of his high prerogative and divine right, and the first consideration that actuates him seems to be the maintenance of its integrity. Severe and vindictive, clemency has never shown itself amongst his virtues."

DISCOVERIES IN THE MOON,

BY AID OF THE MONSTER TELESCOPE,
LATELY ERECTED BY THE EARL OF ROSSE.

Dublin, 21st April, 1844.

My dear ****.—Since my last an event has occurred here of unusual interest to the scientific world, and the astronomers in particular: nothing less than the testing of the monster telescope!—with results so extraordinary and of such thrilling interest, that, jaded as I am with fatigue and excitement, I cannot resist setting down to give some account of our discoveries.

It was my good fortune, you will remember, to be present at the casting of the great speculum, when his lordship so signally exhibited his skill, energy, and presence of mind: and on Friday last I was agreeably surprised by receiving a courteous invitation to assist, as the French say, at an experimental trial of the powers of the stupendous machine, at last happily completed after the expenditure of so much time, labour, and money. Finding that my friend Maclure, the well-known author of a Treatise on the Differential Calculus, had received a similar card, we hired a chaise and proceeded together to the appointed rendezvous, his lordship's country seat. To prevent interruption or intrusion, the affair was a profound secret, except to the initiated—in all about a score of persons, several of whom had come over expressly from England, and one or two from the Continent. According to Maclure, there was even a Professor from the Swedish University of Upsala.

The company being all mustered, we repaired in a body, led by our noble host, to the grounds, where we found the telescope erected *pro tempore* on a gentle eminence in the park; the abundant brass work glittering brightly in the moonbeams, and the huge frame, throwing a complicated skeleton-like shadow across the smooth grass. Seen against the dark blue sky by the dubious lunar light, its dimensions seemed greater than they really were. Altogether it looked more like some gigantic engine of war—"a hollow tube" of that artillery described by Milton as pointed by the rebellious angels against the host of Heaven than a machine intended to aid in the peaceful achievements of science—a quiet victory over space.

Some minutes were spent in walking round the telescope, watching its singular appearance in different aspects, and then in testing and admiring the simplicity of its construction and the facility of the movements. The workmanship was perfect. Not a screw was loose; not a hinge was stiff; every joint and pivot moved as easily and silently as those of the human frame. So delicate was the adjustment, so nice the poise. A child could have turned the enormous tube, at will, in any direction. No vibration, no oscillation. None but the operatives of our country, and our own times could have produced such a result. It was verily the triumph of modern mechanic art!

At last, we all congregated in a group round the inferior end of the machine. The huge brass cap over the larger disc had been removed: the covering of the smaller lens was now withdrawn, and the tube stood ready to disclose its wondrous visions to the human eye. Expectation was on tiptoe—curiosity wound up to the highest pitch—anxiety on the rack—but nobody stirred or spoke. There was a dead, solemn pause of wonder, and I might say awe, for who knew what sublime revelations might be in store for us!—sights invisible to the mortal organ since the creation of the world! What perplexing problems were perhaps about to be solved! What long-cherished theories confirmed or overturned for ever!

In the meantime the glass was carefully levelled at one "bright particular star," and through the intense silence came an emphatic whisper distinctly audible to us all.

"Now then, gentlemen, for the first look through the virgin instrument." This honour was assigned to a personage who stood beside me:—the Astronomer Royal, probably, or Sir John Herschel; but my old infirmity prevented me from catching the name, and I am acquainted, personally, with very few of our scavans. Possibly you will recognise him from my description—a large square built man, very bald, with a bland countenance, and a peculiar hitch in his speech. He trembled visibly as he applied his eye to the glass, and to judge by myself we all quivered more or less with the same nervous excitement. By a stop-watch, his gaze would perhaps have occupied some forty or fifty seconds: but to my feeling, and doubtless to that of the rest of the company, the long look endured for several minutes. Nevertheless, no body hurried to take his place when he turned away from the glass: every eye was intently riveted on his face, as if to guess by its expression the nature and amount of his emotions. But to all our glances and inquiries he only answered by the exclamation—"Look! look!" with a gesture of his arm towards the telescope.

The noble proprietor was now urged to take the turn; and after a very hasty peep, resigned his place to a foreigner, whom I should have guessed to be Mons. Arago, who certainly ought to have been there, if he had borne the least resemblance to the portraits of that distinguished philosopher. But he wanted the commanding figure, as well as the marked features of the French astronomer. However, he wore the star of some foreign order on his bosom; and another of his attributes was a prodigious gold snuff-box, from which he drew and inhaled an intolerably long drawn pinch before he settled to the glass. Like his Lordship, his politeness did not allow him to engross the sight for more than a few seconds; but they sufficed to convince him, that the spectacle was "superbe! magnifique!" as he continued to ejaculate between each *prise* from his *tabatière*.

We now stood rather less ceremoniously on the order of our peeping. One after another hurried eagerly to the glass, curiosity sometimes taking precedence of good breeding; but the expressive faces of those of us who had looked, their excited gestures and vehement expressions of surprise and admiration, had worked impatience into a fever. These raptures, however, owed a portion of their intensity to some gratification vouchsafed only to the scientific: for, when my own turn came, my first feeling was one of disappointment. The two brilliant stars that I beheld, magnified almost into moons, were indeed beautiful objects—their discs sharply defined, and without any prismatic halo, or diffused light from scratches on the speculum—defects which had been apprehended as likely to occur with lenses and a mirror of such an enormous size. But that was all. I was not aware till afterwards of the true value of the phenomenon—that up to the hour, those twin orbs had been supposed to be one!

The company having warmly congratulated the noble proprietor on the signal success of his enterprise, the Gigantic Telescope was turned towards

another quarter of the heavens, by this time studded with stars. The Frenchman now took the lead; and whatever he saw, the spectacle was too much for his equanimity. He hastily seized on his nearest neighbour, whom, with a "Mon Dieu!" he literally dragged to the glass—still exhorting every one about him to *regarder*, as if they could all have looked simultaneously through the tube. His successor was also a foreigner, possibly the Swedish Professor, for he had the same cast of face, with the long light hair flowing over his shoulders, as our old friend Jorgenson of Stockholm. He was also strongly excited, as was a very venerable white-haired gentleman, who followed him in turn; the last indeed, by the glistening of his eyes, was even in tears. And really there was cause for such strong emotion, considering the singular beauty of the spectacle, and the interesting nature of the discovery which I shall endeavour to describe.

In common with many others, I have often wondered at the little resemblance between the constellations and the objects after which they are named. With trifling exceptions, they suggest no figures at all, certainly not the monsters real or fabulous that sprawl on our celestial maps. For example, it would require a very courtier's imagination to detect in the stars of Taurus any similarity to a bull, or in Cetus, any thing "very like a whale." As to the Bear, he much more resembles his vulgar *alias* the Plough. But we did injustice to the Chaldean seers, and the patriarchal shepherds, or whoever recognised the ancient signs in heaven, and bestowed on them their names. In the course of ages, many of the stars belonging to the Constellations have receded, and disappeared, like the remarkable one missed from its place by Hipparchus of Rhodes, about 160 years before the Christian era. These lost stars, till now invisible to modern eyes, were however plainly discernible through the Monster Telescope; and it was obvious, that when they occupied their original places, the Constellations to which they belonged must have presented a striking, not to say startling, resemblance to the figures with which they were associated. For instance, Leo, which was as well defined in outline by its stars, as our Royal Crowns, &c. in illumination lamps!

The excitement produced by this brilliant discovery it would be difficult to describe. One little brisk personage actually capered with delight; whilst the Frenchman threw himself, after the national fashion, on his Lordship, whom he overwhelmed with his embraces and his voluble felicitations. Another, a tall, large man, walked rapidly to and fro, rubbing his hands vehemently, and muttering to himself, "It beats the solar eclipse at Pisa!" In the meantime some of the more composed of the party took occasional peeps through the telescope, and from their successive reports, beheld not only double, triple, and quadruple stars of various colours, blue, red, green, and purple, but absolute swarms of comets; not less than sixty-four being counted within the same field of view—some with a single tail, others with two, and one projecting from its nucleus three distinct trains of light, diverging from each other at angles of about twenty degrees!

Judge of our state of enthusiasm and rapture at these thronging novelties! Every body seemed more or less in a state of delirium! For my own part I can only compare my feeling to the exaltation which I once experienced after inhaling the laughing gas. I seemed literally lifted

Above the earth,

And possessed joys not promised at my birth.

Nothing but the dread of alarming the neighbourhood, and attracting a concourse of the peasantry, prevented our joining in a general shout.

As yet, nobody had positively mentioned the Moon; but sundry glances at the planet had shown that she was not absent from our thoughts. These significant looks now became more frequent; and her name even began to be uttered amongst us, in spite of a previous understanding that she was to be left to the last, by way of a *bonne bouche*. But the wonders we had already seen had excited our appetites for the marvellous to a ravenous pitch; and of all the celestial bodies, the Moon, the nearest to the earth—our own satellite, with her map-like face—her dark and bright spots—her prodigious mountains, valleys, and active volcanoes has ever been a subject of supreme interest in human speculation. These conjectural fancies, the Monster Telescope, with its immense powers, now promised to set at rest, together with the romantic theory of Fontenelle, of a Plurality of Worlds, each inhabited like our own.

Inspired by these hopes, and eager to realise them, there sprang up amongst us a sort of agitation, carried on by murmurs and gestures, which finally led to the investigation of the Moon, in preference to Jupiter and his Satellites, Saturn and his Ring, the Nebulæ, or the Milky Way. The venerable gentleman already alluded to was the first to look; and after awhile actually staggered away from the glass with an ejaculation, which, though natural under the circumstances, would seem profane if deliberately committed to paper. However, it sufficed with his look of concern, if not horror, to drive us from our propriety. There was a general rush towards the glass, each individual who succeeded, in turn, having to endure entreaties, remonstrances, and even re-

* Probably Mr. Bailly, the astronomer.—Eo.

proaches, from the more impatient of the throng. In this unsatisfactory way I obtained a hurried glimpse: but it served to show me such a scene of desolation as I had never contemplated even in a dream. Wide dreary wastes of white sand, bounded by barren rocks, enclosing gloomy valleys dark as that of the Shadow of Death! Vegetation there was none; but one immense shady tract proved to be a vast forest—literally a Black Forest—of charred trees! In its shape I seemed to recognise one of those dark patches, on the surface of the full moon*, which are visible to the naked eye. Dismal as these features were, there were others of quite as melancholy a character. Thus the bright spot named after Kepler by the astronomers, was made out by the Swedish Professor to be a great conical hill of bones bleached to a dazzling whiteness. To what class of animals they belonged it was impossible to determine: but none of them resembled the bones of the human species.

From these indications we at first entertained sanguine hopes of seeing some living creatures; but not the least sign or stir of life could be detected in any part of the planet. But the most astounding discovery was yet to come. Amongst the dark patches on the face of the moon, discernable by the naked eye, is a remarkable one, supposed to be a valley or cavity, which has been estimated by some astronomers as fifty miles broad, and nearly three miles in depth. It is called after Tycho Brahe, I believe, by the learned. In the midst of this huge hollow there appears a bright spot, formerly the object of much speculation and controversy, but now ascertained, by the extraordinary powers of the new telescope to be the skeleton of a gigantic animal—of dimensions so enormous as to surpass the mammoth or mastodon as much as they exceed in size our ordinary oxen!

The skeleton was lying on its side; and most of the bones retaining their places, afforded a very good notion of its figure. According to the Frenchman, who professed to have studied osteology under Cuvier, the structure was very peculiar, and unlike that of any known terrestrial animal, living or fossil. From the valley where it lay there ran a long narrow ravine, which you may trace by referring to a map of the moon. It was strewn with detached bones, and was doubtless the passage by which the Monster issued and returned from his foragings.

The total absence of life, and the conical mound of bleached bones, were now accounted for; the Monster, after ravaging all around, had at last perished by famine: but there is something bewildering in the idea of a creature of such magnitude inhabiting a planet not so large by two-thirds as our own.

To give you any idea of the effect produced on us by so unexpected, and I may say, so appalling, a spectacle, is impossible. It was absolutely stunning. We stood and looked silently in each other's faces like men suddenly awakened from a sound sleep. Could it be real? Was it not all a dream? And that, then, was the Moon, the favourite haunt of poetical and romantic love fancies—one of the retreats of the fairies! Well might the Frenchman shrug his shoulders and exclaim that it was "*triste—vraiment affligeante!*" Nor did it much surprise me to see the old white-haired gentleman sitting on the grass, weeping like a child. In reality there was something depressing and shocking in the horrible desolation we had witnessed; yet withal so strangely fascinating, that we returned to it again and again. But we made no new discovery; except of the crater of an extinct volcano, in the vicinity of the charred forest already described.

At this point the party broke up, and Maclure and myself took leave. But there are mysterious whisperings afloat of subsequent explorations by a "select few;" and in particular of some supposed ethereal or angelic beings discovered in Vesta. Their shape, it is said, cannot be distinguished; nor are they visible whilst within the disc of the planet, which is a very bright one; but when beyond its edge they are discernible, against the dark sky, hovering about with a soft greenish light, like that of the fire-flies one sees on the banks of the Rhine. As soon as I can obtain any authentic particulars you shall hear from me again. In the meantime, adieu.

Yours ever,

CHARLES MAITLAND KILGOUR.

I omitted to mention that, observing how everybody rubbed their eyes after looking through the telescope, I determined to watch my own sensations, and detected a slight drawing or shooting pain in the organ; of course from the immense power of the lenses overstraining the optic nerves. I have just learned that several of the party are suffering from the same cause: one of them with even a temporary blindness of the right eye.

Next week we shall publish some striking illustrations of this gigantic Telescope, together with a most interesting picture of the remarkable discoveries made by its agency. These designs will be obtained from authentic sources.

* Perhaps the one called Cleomedes.—Ed.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON,
MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV., WRITTEN BY HERSELF.
(Continued from our last, page 123.)

No sooner did Mrs. Jones enter the circle than she was surrounded by the gazing throng. The infant was dressed with peculiar neatness, and nothing mortal could appear more lovely. A thousand and a thousand blessings were heaped upon the "*heirress of Tregunter*," for so they fancifully called her: a thousand times did they declare that the baby was the very image of her father. Mrs. Jones returned to me: every word she uttered soothed my heart: a sweet and grateful glow, for the first time, bespoke the indescribable gratification which a fond parent feels in hearing the praises of a beloved offspring. Yet this little absence appeared an age; a variety of fears presented dangers in a variety of shapes, and the object of all my care, of all my affection, was now pressed closer to my heart than ever.

Amidst these sweet and never-to-be-forgotten sensations, Mr. Harris entered my chamber. He abruptly inquired how I found myself; and, seating himself by the side of the bed, began to converse on family affairs. I was too feeble to say much; and he had not the delicacy to consider that Mrs. Jones, my nurse, and almost a stranger to be, was a witness to our conversation.

"Well!" said Mr. Harris, "and what do you mean to do with your child?"

I made no answer.

"I will tell you," added he: "Tie it to your back and work for it."

I shivered with horror.

"Prison doors are open," continued Mr. Harris. "Tom will die in a gaol; and what is to become of you?"

I remained silent.

Miss Robinson now made her visit. She looked at me without uttering a syllable; but while she contemplated my infant's features, her innocent sleeping face, her little dimpled hands folded on her breast, she murmured, "Poor little wretch! Poor thing! It would be a mercy if it pleased God to take it!" My agony of mind was scarcely supportable.

About three weeks after this period letters arrived, informing Mr. Robinson that his creditors were still inexorable, and that the place of his concealment was known. He was cautioned not to run the hazard of an arrest; indeed he knew that such an event would complete his ruin with Mr. Harris, from whom he should not receive any assistance. He communicated this intelligence to me, and at the same time informed me that he must absolutely depart from Trevecca immediately. I was still extremely feeble, for my mental sufferings had impaired my corporeal strength almost as much as the perils I had recently encountered. But the idea of remaining at Trevecca without my husband was more terrible than the prospect of annihilation, and I replied, without a hesitating thought, "I am ready to go with you."

My good nurse, who was a very amiable woman, and under forty years of age, conjured me to delay my journey. She informed me, that it would be dangerous to undertake it in my then weak state. My husband's liberty was in danger, and my life appeared of little importance; for even at that early period of my days I was already wearied of existence.

On the succeeding morning we departed. Mrs. Jones insisted on accompanying me on the first day's journey. Mr. Robinson, my nurse, and myself, occupied a post-chaise; my Maria was placed on a pillow on Mrs. Jones's lap. The paleness of death overspread my countenance, and the poor honest people of the mountains and the villages saw us depart with sorrow, though not without their blessings. Neither Mr. Harris nor the enlightened females of Tregunter expressed the smallest regret or solicitude on the occasion. We reached Abergavenny that evening. My little remaining strength was exhausted, and I could proceed no further. However singular these persecutions may appear, Mr. Robinson knows that they are not in the smallest degree exaggerated.

At Abergavenny I parted with Mrs. Jones; and, having no domestic with me, was left to take the entire charge of Maria. Reared in the tender lap of affluence, I had learnt but little of domestic occupations: the adorning part of education had been lavished, but the useful had never been bestowed upon a girl who was considered as born to independence. With these disadvantages I felt very awkwardly situated, under the arduous task I had to perform; but necessity soon prevailed with the soft voice of maternal affection, and I obeyed her dictates as the dictates of nature.

Mrs. Jones, whose excellent heart sympathized in all I suffered, would not have parted from me in so delicate a moment; but she was the widow of a tradesman at Brecon, and having quitted her home where she had left her two daughters (very pretty young women*) to attend me, she was under the necessity of returning to them. With repeated good wishes, and some tears of regret flowing from her feeling and gentle heart, we parted.

(To be continued Weekly.)

* One of them married Mr. Bence, a hoopmaker, near Somerset House, in the Strand.

Pictures of London News.

The ordinary of Newgate (the Rev. J. Davis) announcing to MARY FURLEY the order for her execution, representing the agony of mind she was in upon the occasion. — Since the annexed was engraved we have had the gratification of hearing that her sentence has been commuted to imprisonment in the Penitentiary. This being the case, we may fairly ask why this wretched woman was put to the unnecessary torture of hearing the order appointing the day of death read over to her but four-and-twenty hours previously. In the language of one of our contemporaries — "Is human life held so cheap at the Home Office that a culprit is ordered for execution before a full consideration of all the circumstances bearing on the case? Is it only after the criminal is thrown into 'the greatest agony of mind,' and 'because several humane gentlemen interest themselves in her behalf,' that the Home Minister ponders seriously on the subject? If there be aught solemn in the human heart—

aught sacred in its woes and sufferings—the public have a right to demand of Sir JAMES GRAHAM what were the circumstances which induced him to order MARY FURLEY to prepare for death, and then, in less than four-and-twenty hours respite her during pleasure? Had not her case been sufficiently considered? Was the Home Minister ignorant of all the complicated woes, the maddening miseries that had urged the frantic woman to escape with her child from the crushing calamities around her? Did he not know the wretchedness, more complete in its horror than any laboured tale of fiction, that step by step had scourged the woman from the workhouse to the river's brink? Was it needful that she should be still further schooled in misery by the mock visit of the sheriff—was not her heart bruised enough, poor soul! that it should again be smitten, under the pharisaic plea of a great moral warning? Yesterday the woman is worthy of death as a murderess—to-day her sentence is respited, and "it is expected that she will undergo a very short imprisonment!" What a difference is here between the gallows and the Penitentiary!"

TERRIFIC ADVENTURE in the Dome of St. Peter's at Rome. By Robert, the French Painter.—Robert was one day at St. Peter's. The hour of divine service was past, and he was almost alone. The silent and religious quiet of this vast edifice, was interrupted only by the footsteps of a few casual visitors. Robert cast on all sides his look of ardent enthusiasm, in search of new wonders. On a sudden, he saw a rope descend from the opening at the top of the grand cupola; a workman having approached, fastened to it a bucket of water, and it again ascended. The roof was out of repair, and some masons were at work upon it. This gave him the idea of ascending to the cupola.

"I was curious," said he, "to examine as closely as possible the injury done to this colossus of modern architecture, which, shooting up towards heaven, seems contemptuously to say to the ruined monuments around it, *I am eternal*. Its pride seemed to me much lowered. That rope, that bucket, and that solitary workman, struck me as contemptible.

He ascended the dome. On his arrival at the summit, he was struck with admiration and wonder at the magnificent prospect before him. It was a splendid and living panorama, lighted by sunbeams, so different from those of every other country, covering nature with a bright and glorious veil of beautiful colours, which floats over the buildings, trees,



MARY FURLEY.

and land of Italy alone. He then looked more nearly around him, and perceived a few workmen repairing some slight damage done to the roof of the dome. To obtain water with greater ease, they had placed across the opening of the cupola two long planks tied together; over them a rope was thrown, which descended into the church. These planks might be two feet and a half in width, and as the apparatus was intended merely to support a bucket of water, no one cared whether it would or would not bear a greater weight.

Looking on these things with the eyes of a young man of twenty, with eyes that see danger only to brave and laugh at it, Robert began to think that it must be a singular sight to behold St. Peter's from top to bottom, the reverse of the manner in which every thing that has base and summit is generally seen—namely, from bottom to top. This idea soon took such possession of his

mind, that he must needs satisfy it. Never once calculating whether the plank across this opening, which was three hundred feet from the ground, was strong enough to bear his weight, he placed one foot upon it, then the other, and beheld him upon this dangerous bridge, without any possibility of turning back!

When, for the first time he told me this story, the instant I saw him upon the plank, suspended, as it were, between heaven and the hard marble floor, upon which he might be dashed to atoms, I was seized with a giddiness such as he might himself be expected to have felt when in this critical situation. We surrounded him closely, eager to catch every word he uttered, and followed him step by step across this dangerous bridge.

"Scarcely had I performed a third of my journey," said he, "when, eager to enjoy the spectacle I sought, I cast my eyes below! At the same instant, a hissing sound whizzed through my ears, my head became covered with a veil of darkness, succeeded by one of fire—I was seized, in short, with the most horrible vertigo. Fortunately, I had presence of mind immediately to shut my eyes and stand still. I cannot express to you what I felt at this moment, when I heard voices close to my ears, uttering in whispers the most dreadful blasphemies! It was the workmen! I opened my eyes to continue my perilous journey, for I felt that if I remained a minutelonger in this situation, I should die even without falling."

He was advancing with a firm step upon that narrow plank, when he felt the wood crack under him! He was then in the middle of the plank, and the weight of his body, so much greater than that of the water-bucket, must necessarily break the bridge, and he be precipitated to the bottom.

"Ah!" said a lad, who heard the wood crack, "the plank is rotten! The unhappy man will f—."

He did not pronounce the word; for the head workman placed his hand upon the lad's mouth.

When Robert reached the other side, and saw the plank, the abyss, and death behind him, he fell upon his knees and poured forth his humble thanksgivings to Almighty God for his delivery from danger.

"Ah! my friends," said he to the workmen, with a smile of ineffable joy and his eyes swimming in tears, "how happy I am!"

But instead of sharing his delight, the workmen seized and beat him.

"Cursed Frenchman! rascal! scoundrel!" bowled the chorus of masons, "villain, how you frightened us!"—*D'Abrantes' Memoirs*.

Pictures of London News.

On Tuesday morning, Miss Eliza Lavany, a lady living with her mother and sisters in Plumber's Row, Commercial Road East, committed suicide. It seems that until within the last three days she had conducted herself with that strict propriety befitting the respectability of her station, but then an extraordinary change was perceptible by her friends, and she seemed to abandon herself to despair. Between eight and nine o'clock, she put on an elegant velvet dress, and, proceeding from her room to the attic, she got out on the roof, and flung herself from the parapet to the pavement. She fell on the left side of her head, and was instantly taken up by Serjeant Eves, H 14, and constable Foye, H 98, who were close to the spot, when life was found to be extinct.

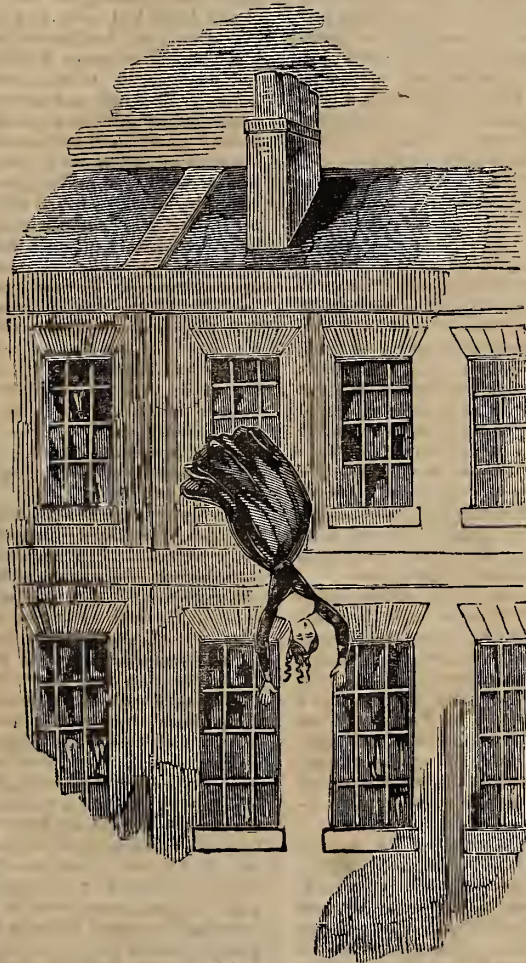
ANECDOTES OF BEAU BRUMMELL.—An acquaintance having, in a morning call, bored him dreadfully about some tour he made in the North of England, inquired with great pertinacity of his impatient listener which of the lakes he preferred? when Brummell, quite tired of the man's tedious raptures, turned his head imploringly towards his valet, who was arranging something in the room, and said, "Robinson."—"Sir."—"Which of the lakes do I admire?"—"Windermere, Sir," replied that distinguished individual. "Ah, yes—Windermere," repeated Brummell, "so it is—Windermere."

A lady at dinner observing that he did not take any vegetables, asked him whether such was his general habit, and if he never ate any? He replied, "Yes, madam, I once ate a pea."

On the night that he left London, the Beau was seen as usual at the Opera, but he left early, and, without returning to his lodgings, stepped into a chaise which had been procured for him by a noble friend, and met his own carriage a short distance from town. Travelling all night as fast as four post-horses and liberal donations could enable him, the morning of the 17th dawned on him at Dover, and immediately on his arrival there, he hired a small vessel, put his carriage on board, and was landed in a few hours on the other side. By this time, the West End had awoke and missed him, particularly his tradesmen.

It was while promenading one day on the pier, and not long before he left Calais, that an old associate of his, who had just arrived by the packet from England, met him unexpectedly in the street, and cordially shaking hands with him, said, "My dear Brummell, I am so glad to see you, for we had heard in England that you were dead; the report, I assure you, was in very general circulation when I left."—"Mere stock-jobbing, my good fellow, mere stock-jobbing," was the Beau's reply.

BRUMMELL'S LAST PARTIES.—On certain nights some strange fancy would seize him, that it was necessary he should give a party, and he accordingly invited many of the distinguished persons with whom he had been intimate in former days, though some of them were already numbered with the dead.



DISTRESSING SUICIDE OF A YOUNG LADY.

dertake to take the charge of him in his present state: in fact, it would be totally impossible for me to describe the dreadful situation he is in. For the last two months I have been obliged to pay a person to be with him night and day, and still we cannot keep him clean; he now lies upon a straw mattress, which is changed every day. They will not keep him at the hotel, and what to do I know not: I should think that some of his old friends in England would be able to get him into some hospital, where he could be taken care of for the rest of his days. I beg and entreat of you to get something done for him, for it is quite out of the question that he can remain where he is. The clergyman and physician here can bear testimony to the melancholy state of idiocy he is in.

One day a friend, meeting him limping in Bond street, asked him what was the matter? He replied, he had hurt his leg, and the worst of it was, it was his favourite leg.—*Life*, by Captain Jesse.



A KNIGHT WITH BURNS.



CURING A FISH—THE COLD WATER CURE.

THE TRIAL.—(*From the Note-book of a Deceased Lawyer*). Continued from page 126.—Such was the evidence upon which the magistrates had committed Smith; and, singularly enough, since his committal the housekeeper had been missing, nor could any trace of her be discovered. Within the last week, the witness who saw the light had been more particularly examined; and, in order to refresh his memory, he had been placed, at dark, in the very spot where he had stood on that night, and another person was placed with him. The whole scene, as he had described it was acted over again; but it was utterly impossible, from the cause above-mentioned, to ascertain, when the light disappeared, whether the parties had gone into Thomson's room. As if, however, to throw still deeper mystery over this extraordinary transaction, the witness persisted in adding a new feature to his former statement; that after the persons had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying, it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance: his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. He would state only one fact more (said the learned counsel), and he had done his duty: it would then be for the jury to do theirs. Within a few days there had been found in the prisoner's house, the stopper of a small bottle of a very singular description; it was apparently not of English manufacture, and was described by the medical men as being of the description used by chemists to preserve those liquids which are most likely to lose their virtue by exposure to the air. To whom it belonged, or to what use it had been applied, there was no evidence to show.

Such was the address of the counsel for the prosecution; and during its delivery I had earnestly watched the countenance of the prisoner, who had listened to it with deep attention. Twice only did I perceive that it produced in him the slightest emotion. When the disappearance of his housekeeper was mentioned, a smile, as of scorn, passed over his lip; and the notice of the discovery of the stopper obviously excited an interest, and I thought an apprehension; but it quickly subsided. I need not detail the evidence that was given for the prosecution: it amounted in substance to that which the counsel stated; nor was it varied in any particular. The stopper was produced, and proved to be found in the house; but no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession, or even knowledge.

When the case was closed, the learned judge, addressing the counsel for the prosecution, said, he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defence; and if the jury were of the same opinion, they would at once stop the case. Upon this observation from the judge, the jury turned round for a moment, and then intimated their acquiescence in his lordship's view of the evidence. The counsel folded up their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was about to be taken, when the prisoner addressed the court. He stated, that having been accused of so foul a crime as murder, and having had his character assailed by suspicions of the most afflicting nature, that character could never be cleared by his acquittal upon the ground that the evidence against him was inconclusive, without giving him an opportunity of stating his own case, and calling a witness to counteract the impressions that had been raised against him, by explaining those circumstances which, at present, appeared doubtful. He urged the learned judge to permit him to state his case to the jury, and to call his housekeeper, with so much earnestness, and was seconded so strongly by his counsel, that Lord Mansfield, though very much against his inclination, and contrary to his usual habit, gave way, and yielded to the request.

"Dii faciles—torrens dicendi copia multis."

The prisoner then addressed the jury and entreated their patience for a short time. He repeated to them that he never could feel satisfied to be acquitted merely because the evidence was not conclusive; and pledged himself, in a very short time, by the few observations he should make, and the witness whom he should call, to obtain their verdict upon much higher grounds—upon the impossibility of his being guilty of the dreadful crime. With respect to the insinuations which had been thrown out against him, he thought one observation would dispose of them. Assuming it to be true that the deceased died from the effect of a poison, of which he called God to witness that he had never even heard either the name or the existence until this day, was not every probability in favour of his innocence? Here was a perfect stranger, not known to have in his possession a single article of value, who might either have lost, or been robbed of that property which he was said to have had at Hull. What so probable as that he should, in a moment of despair at his loss, have destroyed himself? The fatal drug was stated to have been familiar in those countries in which Mr. Thomson had travelled, while to himself it was utterly unknown. Above all, he implored the jury to remember, that although the eye of malice had watched every proceeding of his since the fatal accident, and though the most minute search had been made into every part of his premises, no vestige had been discovered of the most trifling article belong-

ing to the deceased, nor had even a rumour been circulated that poison of any kind had been ever in his possession. Of the stopper, which had been found, he disowned all knowledge; he declared, most solemnly, that he had never seen it before it was produced in court; and he asked, could the fact of its being found in his house, only a few days ago, when hundreds of people had been there, produce upon an impartial mind even a momentary prejudice against him? One fact, and one only, had been proved, to which it was possible for him to give an answer—the fact of his having gone to the bedroom of his housekeeper on the night in question. He had been subject, for many years of his life, to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage whilst she put on her clothes, which would account for the momentary disappearance of the light; and after she had remained in his room a few minutes, finding himself better he had dismissed her, and retired again to bed, from which he had not risen when he was informed of the death of his guest. It had been said that, after his committal to prison, his housekeeper had disappeared. He avowed that, finding his enemies determined, if possible, to accomplish his ruin, he had thought it probable they might tamper with his servant: he had, therefore, kept her out of the way; but for what purpose? Not to prevent her testimony being given, for she was now under the care of his solicitor, and would instantly appear for the purpose of confirming, as far as she was concerned, the statement which he had just made.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a very powerful effect. It was delivered in a firm and impressive manner, and its simplicity and artlessness gave it an appearance of truth. The housekeeper was then put into the box, and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. According to the custom, at that time almost universal, of excluding witnesses from court until their testimony was required, she had been kept at a house near at hand, and had not heard a single word of the trial. There was nothing remarkable in her manner or appearance; she might be about thirty-five, or a little more; with regular though not agreeable features, and an air perfectly free from embarrassment. She repeated, almost in the prisoner's own words, the story that he had told of his having called her up, and her having accompanied him to his room, adding, that after leaving him, she had retired to her own room, and been awakened by the man-servant in the morning, with an account of the traveller's death. She had now to undergo a cross-examination; and I may as well state here that which, though not known to me till afterwards, will assist the reader in understanding the following scene:—The counsel for the prosecution had, in his own mind, attached considerable importance to the circumstance mentioned by the witness who saw the light, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had intervened between the candle and the window, which was totally irreconcilable with the appearance of the room when examined; and he had half persuaded himself that there must be a secret closet which had escaped the search of the officers of justice, the opening of which would account for the appearance alluded to, and the existence of which might discover the property which had so mysteriously disappeared. His object, therefore, was to obtain from the housekeeper (the only person except the prisoner who could give any clue to this) such information as he could get, without alarming her by any direct inquiry on the subject, which, as she could not help seeing its importance, would have led her at once to a positive denial. He knew, moreover, that as she had not been in court, she could not know how much or how little the inquiry had already brought to light; and by himself treating the matter as immaterial, he might lead her to consider it so also, and, by that means, draw forth all that she knew. After some few unimportant questions, he asked her, in a tone and manner calculated rather to awaken confidence than to excite distrust,—

During the time you were in Mr. Smith's room, you stated that the candle stood on the table, in the centre of the room?—Yes.

Was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened *once*, or twice, while it stood there?—A pause: no answer.

I will call it to your recollection: after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open?—He shut it.

Then it was opened again for the purpose of replacing the bottle, was it?—It was.

Do you recollect how long it was open the last time?—Not above a minute.

The door, when open, would be exactly between the light and the window, would it not?—It would.

I forget whether you said the closet was on the right, or left hand side of the window?—The left.

Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?—None.

Can you speak positively to that fact? Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?—I never opened it myself.

Did you never keep the key?—Never.

Who did?—Mr. Smith always.

At this moment the witness chanced to turn her eyes towards the spot where the prisoner stood, and the effect was almost electrical. A cold damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its colour; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked, and fainted. The consequences of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on, by one question to another, till she had told him all that he wanted to know. During the interval (occasioned by her illness) to the proceedings, the solicitor for the prosecution left the court. It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench, the prisoner his station at the bar, and the house-keeper her's in the witness-box: the court, in the interval, had remained crowded with the spectators, scarce one of whom had left his place, lest, during his absence, it should be seized by some one else.

The cross-examining counsel then addressed the witness:—I have very few more questions to ask of you; but beware that you answer them truly, for your own life hangs upon a thread.

Do you know this stopper?—I do.

To whom does it belong?—To Mr. Smith.

When did you see it last?—On the night of Mr. Thomson's death.

At this moment the solicitor for the prosecution entered the court, bringing with him upon a tray, a watch, two money-bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it; some other articles there were in it, not material to my story. The tray was placed on the table in sight of the prisoner and the witness; and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner. A few words will bring my tale to its close. The house where the murder had been committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback, with two sheriff's officers, and, after pulling down part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded: the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thomson was found there, amounting in value to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thomson. The result is too obvious to need explanation.

The case presents the, perhaps, unparalleled instance of a man accused of murder, the evidence against whom was so slight as to induce the judge and jury to concur in a verdict of acquittal, but who, persisting in calling a witness to prove his innocence, was, upon the testimony of that very witness, convicted and executed.

A rival to *Punch* has made his appearance during the past week. He intends following up his first sheet of jokes, which is now before us, with a new one daily. We shall, week by week, present our readers with selections from his pages, under the title of the

GAMBOLS OF PUCK.

THE OJBIBBEWAY'S SERENADE TO HIS LOVE.

Come dwell with me, and our home shall be
A wigwam full of smoke,
In a swamp that teems with the melody
Of the bull-frog's mildewy croak.
The scalps of foes, who have turn'd up their toes,
Shall deck thee in queenly pride;
And with tinkling brass I will ring thy nose,
And paint thy cheeks blue, my bride!
Thy tresses I'll dress with smut and gum,
And with oil thy brows I'll grease;
And I'll play on the oyster-barrel drum,
And the rattle of nuts and peas.
And deck'd with bones, and with bits of pipe,
And pieces of tin beside,
No other shall be so fine as thee,
Squaw of my heart, my bride!

A CASE FOR THE NEW SOLICITOR GENERAL.—Is Mr. Smythe blameable for having called Mr. Roebuck "pig-headed," when the term is so decidedly characteristic of every Bath chap?

THE SUPPRESSION OF ART-UNIONS.

My love agreed to flee with me
To where the nuptial shrine
Of registrar is reared, that he
Might safely make her mine;
But, ere 'twas done, parental power
Had track'd us like a beagle;
He took my prize, and vowed that our
HEART UNION was illegal.

COLONEL STODDART AND CAPTAIN CONOLLY.—Captain Grover has recently received letters from Dr. Wolff, dated Tehran, 12th of February. The doctor had been received with great distinction by the King of Persia, who recollected having met him at Meshed twelve years ago, when he was only Prince Royal. The doctor rode on horseback, in full canonicals, accompanied by Colonel Shiel, in his uniform, going to and returning from the Court.

He then visited the ambassador, recently arrived from Bokhara, who "denied, *in toto*, the fact of the execution of our friends." The ambassador and *attachés* rose when he entered the room, and treated him with the greatest civility and respect. The ambassador expressed a strong desire to accompany Dr. Wolff to Bokhara.

The doctor was to leave Tehran on the 14th of February, accompanied by an escort ordered by the King. He takes with him Rajab, who had been servant to both Stoddart and Conolly. This poor fellow had been bastinadoed at Bokhara, by the Ameer's orders, on account of his faithful attachment to his masters, and had exposed his life by going to Cabool.

The doctor had also seen the ambassador of the King of Khiva, an enemy of the King of Bokhara, and he could give no information whatever concerning the death of the captives. "Therefore," says the doctor, "whilst I beg you not to be too sanguine of my success, I also beg you not to despair of it, as all the Persians I have hitherto seen tell me, *Malloum neest*—nothing is certain about it. You must not henceforth expect from me an exact and detailed journal; for I shall neither carry ink nor paper with me, and I shall write to you in Persian from Bokhara, in case Stoddart and Conolly should be alive, and send the letters through the medium of the Ameer. Should they not be alive I shall not write at all, until I have left the frontier of Bokhara." Colonel Shiel's exertions have been unremitting.

PUNCH'S LAST.

ART-UNIONS, it seems, are illegal, as coming under the denomination of Lotteries. Marriage is a Lottery. Are not Matrimonial Unions, therefore, unlawful too?—*Punch* respectfully asks LORD BROUGHAM, and the other Law Lords, what they have to say to this?

STREET VOICES.

Au! what is man?—You ask yourself the query.

In vain you muse: you give it up: when lo!

Yon moralist, whose gait proclaims him beery,

From 'neath his fan-tailed beaver shouts—"Dust, O."

Friendless and spiritless, bereft of Hope,

In anguish, too, from corns or, may-be, bunions,

You hear a friendly voice cry "Buy a rope;"

You rush to purchase one, when, lo!—it's onions.

MR. ROZBUCK having so successfully laboured to take off the rust from the reputations of his friends, has earned for himself the flattering title of the—Bath Brick!

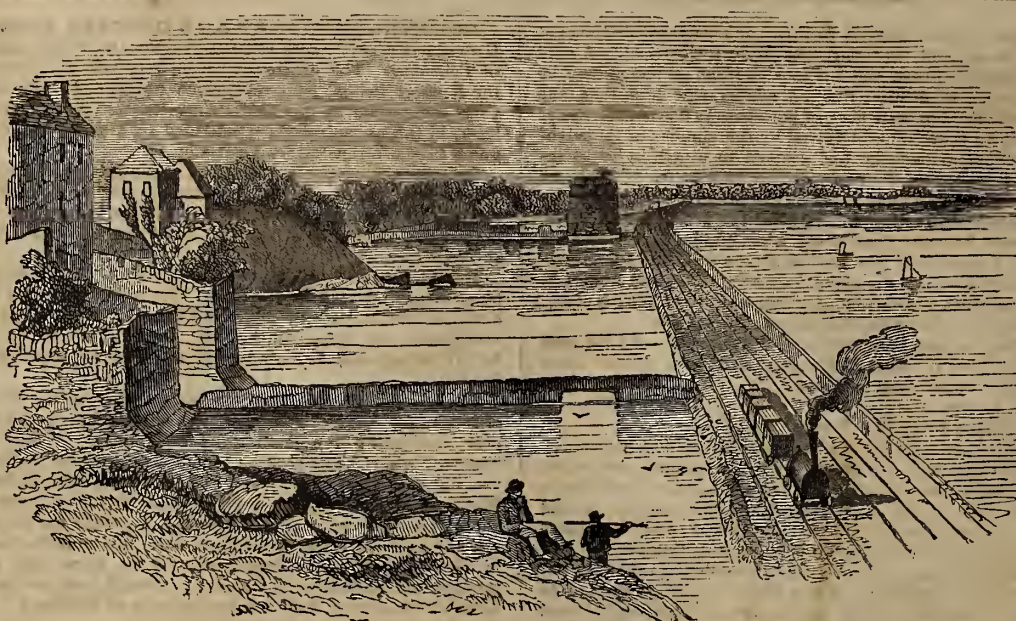
TICKET, No. 6.



One of the most startling adaptations of a natural law to the purposes of progression has recently been brought into operation near Dublin. It is entitled the Atmospheric Railroad. When first suggested, the idea was regarded as chimerical; but experiment having demonstrated its practicability, it deserves the immediate attention of all who interest themselves in the progress of improvement. The rails are laid down in the ordinary mode, but in place of a steam engine

moving with every train, there is an air-tight tube between the rails, and connected with the carriages to be moved. The tube being exhausted by a permanent engine fixed upon the line, the carriages are drawn onward by the pressure of the air behind upon the vacuum before.

With respect to the Dalkey Extension, it is mentioned by the *Dublin Monitor*, that, during the last fortnight, quarter-hour trains have been running daily, Sundays excepted, on the atmospheric line from eleven in the morning to four in the evening, and that not the slightest delay or accident has occurred. Passengers are carried free of expense, as the line is not yet open for general traffic, the negotiations between the Company and the Lords of the Treasury being still pending. It is stated in another journal, that Mr. James Walker, the well-known engineer, has been instructed by Government to examine and report upon the matter at issue in these negotiations. We have no doubt that Mr. Walker's good sense will lead him to the conclusion at which the public have already arrived; namely, that a more discreditable attempt, originating in a more discreditable desire to embarrass the promoters of a great public work, has never before been made. We are informed, that on several occasions during the holiday week, upwards of ten thousand persons were carried on the Dalkey line in the short space of five hours!



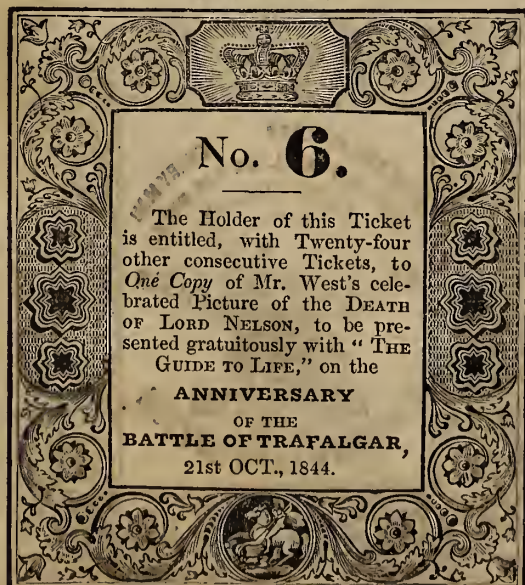
THE DUBLIN ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

LIFE IN HOLLAND.—I like Holland; it is the antipodes of France. No one is ever in a hurry here. Life moves on in a slow majestic stream, a little muddy and stagnant, perhaps, like one of their own canals, but you see no waves, no breakers—not an eddy, nor even a froth bubble breaks the surface. Even a Dutch child, as he steals along to school, smoking his short pipe, has a mock air of thought about him. The great fat horses that wag along, trailing behind them some petty, insignificant

truck, loaded with a little cask not bigger than a life-guard's helmet, look as though Erasmus was performing duty as a quarrelled, and walking about his own native city in harness. It must be a glorious country to be born in. No one is ever in a passion; and as to honesty, who has energy enough to turn robber? The eloquence which in other lands might win a man from his allegiance, would be tried in vain here. Ten minutes talking, would set any audience asleep from Zetland to Antwerp. Smoking, beer-drinking, stumping, and domino-playing, go on, in summer, before, in winter within the *cafés*, and every broad flat face you look upon, with its watery eyes and muddy complexion, seems like a coloured chart of the country that gave it birth. How all the industry that has enriched them is ever performed—how all the cleanliness, for which their houses are conspicuous, is ever effected, no one can tell. Who ever saw a Dutchman labour? Every thing in Holland seems typified by one of their own drawbridges, which rises as a boat approaches, by invisible agency, and then remains patiently aloft till a sufficiency of passengers arrives to restore it to its place, and Dutch gravity seems the grand centre of all prosperity.—*Arthur O'Leary*.

GALLANTRY OF A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.—In the action between the *Cleopatra* and the *Nymphé*, the first frigate captured in the late war, Captain Mullon, the French commander, after behaving with the greatest gallantry, was killed. A cannon shot struck him on the back. Even at that dreadful moment he felt the importance of destroying the signals of the station, which he carried in his pocket; but in his dying agony, he took his commission out of his pocket in mistake, and expired in the act of devouring it—a trait of devoted heroism never surpassed by any officer of any nation.—*Osler's Life of Lord Exmouth*.

TICKET.



IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All Persons intending to secure a Copy of Mr. WEST'S MATCHLESS PICTURE OF

THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON,

On board the "*Victory*," at Trafalgar, by means of the Subscription Tickets attached to the Weekly Numbers of *THE GUIDE TO LIFE*, are requested to give their immediate Orders for No. XII. to which is appended the First Ticket of the series of Twenty-five Tickets; it is absolutely necessary to hold and produce to the Agents on the 21st of October next, the anniversary of The Battle of Trafalgar. Persons not commencing during the present month of May

WILL BE ENTIRELY EXCLUDED

The benefit of the gratuitous presentation of this grand National Present, which is the furthest period the privilege will be extended.

The Back Numbers forming complete Sets to the *GUIDE*, may be had on application at the Office. Should any of them be out of Print, a reprint will be made of these Numbers every Three Months. Nos. I., II., and III. are reprinting, and will be ready for delivery on Saturday the 18th.

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